

**THE  
PLACID PUG  
AND OTHER RHYMES**



**BY  
THE BELGIAN HARE  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
P. P.**

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THE PLACID PUG

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THE PLACID PUG  
AND OTHER RHYMES

BY  
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. P.



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## THE PLACID PUG

THE placid Pug that paces in  
the Park,

Harnessed in silk and led by  
leathern lead,

Lives his dull life, and recks not of  
the Shark

In distant waters. Lapped in  
sloth and greed,

He fails in strenuous life to make  
a mark,

The placid Pug that paces in the  
park.

## THE PLACID PUG

Round the slow circle of his nights and days

His life revolves in calm monotony.

Not unsusceptible to casual praise,

And mildly moved by the approach of "tea,"

No forked and jagged lightning leaps and plays

Round the slow circle of his nights and days.

He scarcely turns his round protuberant eyes,

To mark the mood of animals or men.

His joy is limited to mild surmise

When a new biscuit swims into his ken.

And when athwart his gaze a Rabbit flies,

He scarcely turns his round protuberant eyes.

And all the while the Shark in Southern seas



Pursues the paths of his pulsating quest,

Though the thermometer at fierce degrees  
Might well admonish him to take a rest,—  
The Pug at home snores in ignoble ease.  
(And all the while the Shark in Southern seas!)

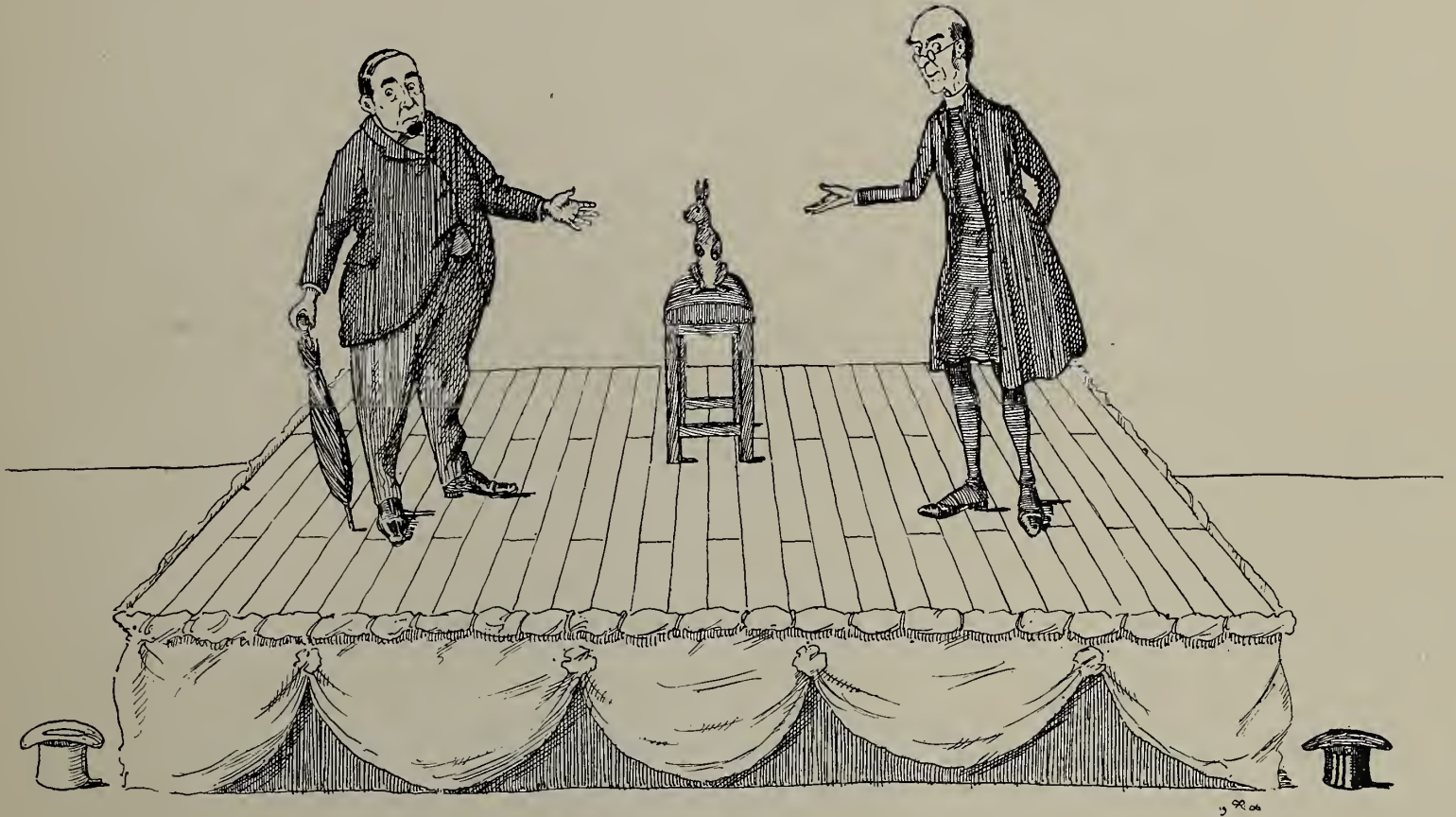
If Pugs like Sharks were brought up in the sea  
And forced to swim long miles to find their food,  
Tutored to front the Hake's hostility,  
And beard the Lobster in his dangerous mood,  
Would not their lives more sane, more useful be,  
If Pugs like Sharks were brought up in the sea?

The placid Pug still paces in the park,  
Untouched by thoughts of all that might have been.  
Undreaming that he might have "steered his bark"  
Through many a stirring sight and stormy scene.  
But being born a Pug and not a Shark  
The placid Pug still paces in the park.

# BALLAD FOR BISHOPS

BISHOPS and others who inhabit  
The mansions of the blest on earth,

---



Grieved by decline of infant birth,  
Have drawn attention to the rabbit.

## BALLAD FOR BISHOPS

Not by design these good men work  
To raise that beast to heights contested,  
But by comparison, suggested,  
With those who procreation shirk.

For if a nation's moral status  
Be measured by prolific habit,  
Between man and the meanest rabbit  
There is an evident hiatus.

Each year, by lowest computations,  
Six times the rabbit rears her young,  
And frequent marriages among  
The very closest blood relations

In very tender years ensure  
A constant stream of "little strangers,"  
Who, quickly grown to gallant rangers,  
See that their families endure.

Not theirs to shirk paternal cares,  
Moved by considerations sordid,  
A child can always "be afforded";  
The same applies to Belgian hares.

These noble brutes, pure Duty's pendants,  
May live to see their blood vermilion  
Coursing through something like a billion  
Wholly legitimate descendants.

## BALLAD FOR BISHOPS

Knowledge's path is hard and stony,  
And some may read who unaware are  
That rabbit brown and Belgian hare are  
Both members of the genus Coney.

The common hare, who lives in fields  
And never goes into a hole,  
(In this inferior to the mole)  
In all things to the Belgian yields.

He will, immoral brute, decline  
To multiply domestic "pledges,"  
The family he rears in hedges  
Is often limited to nine.



Such shocking want of *savoir faire*,

(Surely a symptom of insanity)

Might goad a Bishop to profanity

Were it not for the Belgian hare.

## SONG FOR VINTNERS

THE Lion laps the limpid lake,  
The Pard refuses wine,  
The sinuous Lizard and the Snake,  
The petulant Porcupine,  
Agree in this, their thirst to quench  
Only with Nature's natural "drench."

In vain with beer you tempt the Deer,  
Or lure the Marmozet ;  
The early morning Chanticleer,  
The painted Parroquet,  
Alike, on claret and champagne  
Gaze with unfaltering disdain.

SONG FOR VINTNERS

No ale or spirit tempts the Ferret,  
No juice of grape the Toad.



1906.

In vain towards the "Harp and Merit"  
The patient Ox you goad ;

## SONG FOR VINTNERS

Not his in rapture to extol  
The praises of the flowing bowl.

The silent Spider laughs at cider,  
The Horse despises port ;  
The Crocodile (whose mouth is wider  
Than any other sort)  
Prefers the waters of the Nile  
To any of a stronger style.

The Rabbit knows no "private bar,"  
The Pelican will wander  
Through arid plains of Kandahar,  
Nor ever pause to ponder  
Whether in that infernal clime  
The clocks converge to "closing time."

True "bonâ-fide traveller"

Urging no sophist plea,

How terrible must seem to her

Man's inebriety ;

She who in thirsty moments places

Her simple trust in green oâses.

With what calm scorn the Unicorn,

In his remote retreat,

Must contemplate the fervour born

Of old "Château Lafitte."

Conceive the feelings of the Sphinx

Confronted with Columbian drinks !

## SONG FOR VINTNERS

And oh! if all this solemn truth  
Were dinned into its mind  
From earliest years, might not our youth  
Regenerate mankind,  
Aspire to climb the Heights, and dare  
To emulate the Belgian hare?

## HYMN FOR HUMBLE PEOPLE

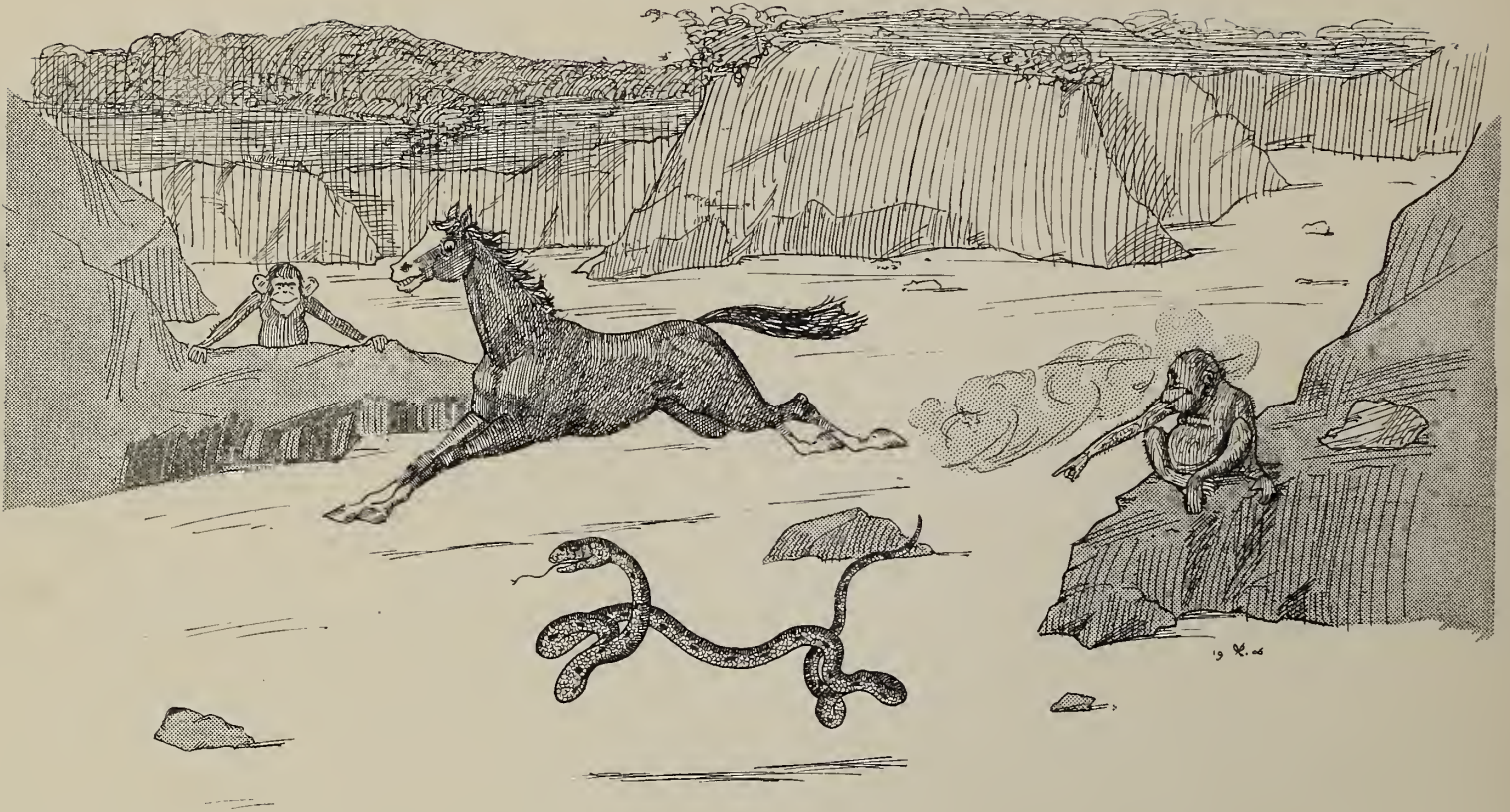
THE staunch and strenuous Serpent spends his time  
    In the safe field of serpentine pursuits,  
Rightly considering it a social crime  
    To parody the ways of other brutes.

Scorning the fraud of alien aspirations,  
    The snobbishness that apes another class,  
Proud, and yet conscious of his limitations,  
    He bites the dust and grovels in the grass.

The moral food that keeps him down is Force,  
    Force to confine his fancies to their beds.

## HYMN FOR HUMBLE PEOPLE

No vulgar wish to gallop like a Horse



Makes him the laughing-stock of quadrupeds.



No weak attempt to carol like the Lark,  
Fore-doomed to failure and to ridicule,  
Troubles his life ; he does not wish to bark,  
Has no desire to amble like a Mule.

Having no legs he does not try to walk,  
But keeps contentedly his native crawl ;  
Having no voice he does not strive to talk,  
Much less to bellow or to caterwaul.

Mark the inevitably reached result :  
To balance the advantages he missed,  
In three departments he may yet exult  
To be the only perfect specialist.

## HYMN FOR HUMBLE PEOPLE

Three arts are his : to writhe, to hiss, to creep.

The Toad's tenacity, the Wombat's wiles,  
Or the keen cunning of the crafty Sheep  
(And all are artists in their various styles),

Would vainly challenge them. He reigns supreme

In these the fields of his activity,  
And reigning so defies the envious Bream,  
Who sneers and shrugs and sniggers in the sea.

Type of the wise, who roar but never foam

(If they can help it) at the mouth, except  
When night and morn they brush their teeth at home  
With pallid powder for that purpose kept.

## VERSICLES FOR VEGETARIANS

SINCE Dr. Watts in frenzy fine  
Extolled the “busy Bee,”  
The patience of the Porcupine,  
The Newt’s fidelity,  
The calm contentment of the Pike,  
Have stirred our hearts and brain alike.

Lives there a man so lost, so low,  
That he has never found  
Some lesson in the Buffalo,  
Some precept in the Hound?  
Few who have won Victoria’s cross  
Owe *nothing* to the Albatross.

## VERSICLES FOR VEGETARIANS

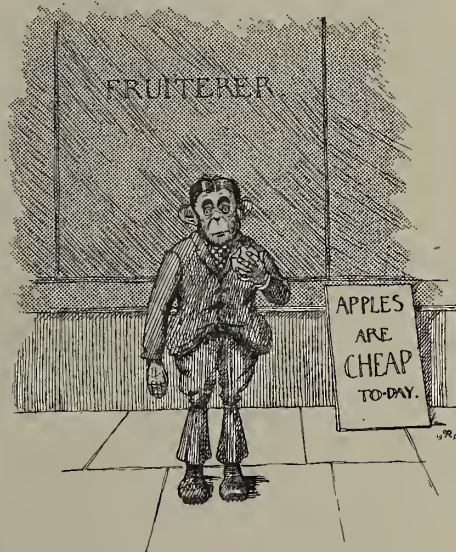
These pleasant thoughts must turn our minds,  
In meditation quiet,  
Towards the moral law that binds  
The principles of diet.  
Since 'tis a maxim none disputes,  
That we should imitate the brutes.

As has been shown in former verse,  
The animal creation  
Does not in its own nature nurse  
Inebriate inclination ;  
Nor is it formed by Heaven to pant  
For alcoholic stimulant.

That being so, our path is plain,  
We must eschew all drinks ;  
If we are anxious to attain  
To the celestial brinks,  
The meanest Hippopotamus  
Will make our duty clear to us.

But in the search for Natural guides  
To moral food-restrictions,  
We are assaulted on all sides  
By patent contradictions.  
Thus, while the Lion lives on meat,  
The Pheasant is content with wheat.

Who then, when beasts do not agree,  
Shall venture to decide?



Some will adopt the Chimpanzee



And some the Fox as guide,  
Others the Bear or Antelope—  
Nature allows the fullest scope.

## HYMN FOR HOWLERS

WHO that has sailed upon the ocean's face,  
Or walked beside the sea along the sand,  
Has not felt envy for the piscine race,  
Comparing its domain, where noise is banned,  
To the infernal racket that takes place  
On land?

While up above the billows rage and roar  
And make a most unnecessary noise,  
And shallow Shrimps, who live too near the shore,  
Are harassed by the shouts of girls and boys,  
Who find the beach a place convenient for  
Their toys,

## HYMN FOR HOWLERS

The happy members of the Fishy clan  
Pursue in peace their various pursuits,  
All undisturbed by bell of muffin-man,  
Or bellow of purveyor of fresh fruits,  
Who at each "Pub" his voice republican  
Recruits.

The harmless Herring gambols with his young,  
And heeds but hears not their impulsive play.  
(His heart is with their mother who was flung,  
Kippered to feed a clerk's bank-holiday,  
Into the salting-tub and passed unsung  
Away.)

Now, had this Herring been of human breed,  
And lived in London or some other town,



Fate would have made him *hear* as well as heed  
His offspring as it gambolled up and down,



Making a noise that's very hard indeed  
To drown.

## HYMN FOR HOWLERS

Moreover, organ-grinders would have ground,  
And yowls from both "employed" and "unemployed";  
Hoarse howls from those who had "salvation" found,  
And bawls from those whose faith had been destroyed,  
Would have combined to keep his sense of sound  
Annoyed.

Who would not therefore rather be a Whale,  
A Hake, a Haddock, or a Mackerel,  
Than linger in this sad uncertain vale  
(Here where men sit and hear each other yell)?  
Better to go, if other places fail,  
To ——

## DIRGE FOR DEFEATED CANDIDATES

THE dreadful Dragon and the Unicorn,  
Accustomed to be treated with respect,  
And much annoyed by present-day neglect,  
Have sometimes wished they never had been born,  
At least in any world so “unselect.”

Their non-existence being now a “fact”  
Accepted by mankind’s majority,  
They naturally feel quite “up a tree.”  
They don’t know what to do to counteract  
These damned delusions of Democracy.

Although they often walk out in the sun,  
And show themselves in all important streets,  
Although in fact they have their “regular beats,”  
They’re hardly ever seen by any one,  
And get no notice in the “daily sheets.”

Although as signs they hang on various inns,  
They find themselves irrevocably “out.”

## DIRGE FOR DEFEATED CANDIDATES



In vain they prance and caracole about,

Even the tribute of "derisive grins"  
Is now denied them in their final rout.

Mere non-belief in his existence may  
Seem, to one emptying a festive flagon  
In the interior of the "Wasp and Wagon,"  
A very trifling matter any way.  
But it is most annoying to the Dragon.

The subject may appear beneath contempt  
To one who holds the world's applause in scorn,  
Preferring in a cloister to adorn  
"Illumined scrolls in heavenly colours dreamt,"  
But it is galling to the Unicorn.

## POEM FOR THE PROUD

**S**EEN in the mirror of the poet's dream,  
(Exclusively reserved for the "elect"),  
Each animal supplies us with a theme  
For wondering admiration and respect.  
Thus, to those men who truly modest seem  
Compare  
The Hare.

The Bee performs all sorts of useful things  
When she is gathering honey for the hive,  
She fertilises flowers and plants, and brings  
Food to keep necessary Drones alive.

Unless annoyed she very seldom stings,

Dear me !

The Bee.

The Dove extols and cherishes his mate,

And coos and woos all through the summer day.

His life is blamelessly immaculate,

And though his wings enable him to stray,

He seldom does. He never comes home late.

By Jove !

The Dove.

The Crow displays a splendid scorn of pelf,

Backed by invulnerable self-restraint.

All specious arts he lays upon the shelf,

And, being free from every primal taint,

## POEM FOR THE PROUD

He keeps himself entirely to himself.



Bravo

The Crow!



The Stork *compels* our admiration, he  
Will stand for several hours in the same place  
And on one leg, instead of two (or three),  
Thus practising economy of space.  
A grand example of stability !  
Oh Lork !  
The Stork.

The self-repressive Cod, on his own beat,  
Swims in elaborately-studied curves.  
He keeps below, not wishing to compete  
With surface-swimming fishes, though his nerves  
Are sometimes tried by lack of air, and heat.  
Good God !  
The Cod.

## SONG FOR SIDLERS

THE Crab walks sideways, not because his build  
Precludes the possibility of walking straight,  
And not (as some have thought) that he is filled  
With strange and lawless theories on gait ;  
Still less that he is foolishly self-willed  
And prone to show off or exaggerate.

No serious student of his life and ways  
Will venture to impugn his common sense ;  
His tact and moderation win high praise  
Even from those whose faculties are dense  
And blind to the false issues which they raise  
When they accuse him of malevolence.

“But, ah!” these shallow hide-bound pedants cry,  
“If to the Crab all virtues you concede,  
If his intentions are not evil, why  
This sidelong walk,



These flanking steps that lead  
To no advancement of Humanity,  
No exaltation of the mortal breed?

## SONG FOR SIDLERS

“Why not go forward as the Sword-fish goes?

Or move straight backward, like the jibbing Horse?

Why this absurd and pitiable pose

That takes delight in any devious course?

Why this dislike to ‘following the nose’

Which all the best authorities endorse?”

Insensate fools. Swims not the Cod in curves?

Does not the running Roebuck leap and bound?

If in his flight the Capercaillie swerves,

Shall he be mocked by every Basset-hound

Who, having neither feathers, wings, nor nerves,

Has not the pluck to rise up from the ground?

Peace, peace, the Crab adopts a side-long walk,

For reasons still impossible to see.

And if his pride permitted him to talk

To any one who did not do as he,

His instinct would be, probably, to balk

The hopes of vulgar curiosity.

And while the schoolmen argue and discuss,

And fill the air with “whats,” and “whens,” and “whys,”

And demonstrate as : thus, and thus, and thus,

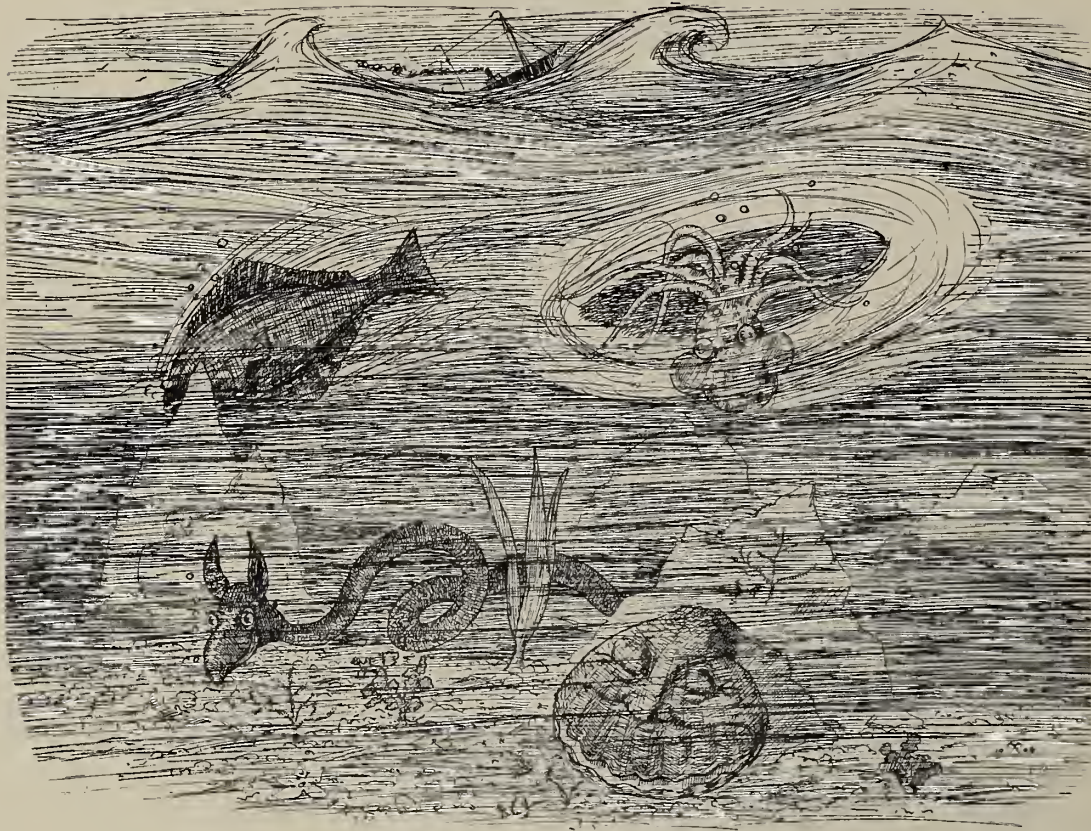
The crab will pulverise their theories,

And put an end to all this foolish fuss

By walking sideways into Paradise.

# FRAGMENT FOR PHILOSOPHERS

IN the abysses of the ocean deeps,  
Fathoms removed from men and mortal strife,



The unexpectant Oyster smiles and sleeps  
Through the calm cycle of his peaceful life.

What though above his head the steamboat plies,  
And close at hand he hears the fume and fuss  
Of the impetuous Halibut that flies  
The mad embraces of the Octopus.

Though the fierce tails of Whales like flails descend  
Upon the water lashed to furious foam,  
And the Sea-serpents writhe and twist and bend  
All round the purlieus of his ocean home,

He still preserves his philosophic calm,  
His high detachment from material things,  
And lays to his untroubled soul the balm  
Of that contentment oft denied to kings.

Not far off, on the shore, men fume and fret,  
And prowl and howl and postulate and preach,  
The Baby bellows in the bassinet,  
And the Salvation Army on the beach.

## FRAGMENT FOR PHILOSOPHERS

The unsuccessful "Artist" of the "Halls"

Has blacked his face with cork, and now he sings  
Of moons and coons and comic funerals



And the enchantment that the cake-walk brings.



And on the pier the “milingtary band”

Poisons the air with beastly brazen sound,  
While cockney couples wander hand in hand,



And dismal tourists tour,



And bounders bound.

And donkey-boys allure to donkey rides  
The sitters on the sand beside the sea,  
And touts sell "guides" to all the town provides,  
From theatres to "painless dentistry."

To all this noise the Oyster lends no ear,  
Partly because he has no ear to lend,  
Partly because he hates to interfere,  
Chiefly because these rhymes must have an end.









